



Immortal



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Gunshots.

He didn't fear them because guns could kill him. He feared them because they couldn't. Sometimes it's better to die than to endure such extreme amounts of pain. He was hiding in an abandoned factory, surrounded by total darkness. Despite this, he had incredible night vision. He could make out every detail in the inky darkness from the menacing cranes overhead to the scrawny rat that scampers across the floor hundreds of yards away.

His blood starts to pump as the sound of a helicopter flying overhead fills his ears. They were going to find him, he had no doubt. He'd gone about cutting out his tracker with a rusted knife, but that would only delay his pursuers. He remembers the way the blood rushed down his arm for only a moment before his cells had multiplied and filled the wound with new flesh. He had an hour of peace to rest before he was aroused by the sound of gunfire and now it was time to move.

His creators were hunting him down. He was tired of running, but he was also tired of being their lab rat. He may have been born in a test tube, but he still had the right to choose his own destiny. Just as he stands to his feet and explosion shakes the entire building, scattering rubble in every direction. His creators had arrived.

Chapter 2 by Michael Hale



Instantly, nausea overcame his desire to run, a feeling of overwhelming dread coursing through

his veins. Frustration rose up from within him in protest to the whole situation. Something was up, looks like they were better off "letting me" this time.

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He drags himself to his feet, walls, like crickets? Is that what they were called? Shaking off his thoughts, he moves. As he tries to make out where his creators are coming from, he looks around to see what he has at his disposal.

Chapter 3 by Hannah



A rusted pipe lay across the floor. Red splotches of paint and rust crusted his hands. Nobody is taking me back. He thought motivating himself. He crept over to the door way checking to see if his creators were off in the distance. Nothing. He took a deep breath and listened he heard the soft scrape of shoes that jerked him forward into the next room. It was full of broken glass. He looked down to his bare feet as he heard the sound of them approaching. He quickly jumped across the floor landing on the small fragments. Pain seared his feet as he kept moving. Nothing was gonna stop him. If a bullet couldn't neither should the sharp pieces of crystal.

Chapter 4 by zedriiK



He bounded across the room, not looking back. Freedom was so close he could almost taste it, the thought bringing a wicked grin to his face. He let out a booming laugh. Nothing would stop him from escaping this time. The thought of being free fueled him, pulling him along. At the end of the room he could see a red door. Above it a sign was perched with the word 'Exit' stenciled on it. He stopped just a few feet before the door. There was a slight hum coming from beyond it. He stood there studying the door, afraid to find out what lay on the other side. The humming sound continued, the strange sound hypnotizing him. Then a loud crack rang out through the room, as if a large gear had fallen into place. The sounds of chains rattling, gears shifting. He threw his hands to his ears, trying to block out the bombardment of sounds. Even The Creators were drowned out. He stepped forward reaching for the door, but before his hand come grab the handle... the floor opened up below him. Swallowing him up. In a void of darkness, he fell.

Chapter 5 by windfox



Bones broke in his synthetic body and vital organs shifted deep within his core when he finally hit the concrete foundation reinforced with steel rebar. Had it been a human that fell the six stories to the floor of the dank underground cavern, they'd surely be dead. But he wasn't human, and air and blood still gurgled out of his ruptured lungs that were already restructuring themselves for his survival. The coppery metallic taste of gore soured his mouth as he gasped

and coughed for each labored breath.

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Around him, his pursuers lay in crumpled heaps. They had been unsuspecting of this sudden change in the environment. They had been fatal. They were dead. He was not. This thought was a momentary relief but the noise of enormous gears grinding in the darkness was maddening. Where was he? What was making these terrible

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sounds? He struggled to stand on his shattered bones that were still quite delicate while the cells were knitting together. The pain was excruciating but he had to press forward, time was definitely not on his side.

Chapter 6 by windfox



Inside the subterranean chamber there was no light, there was no way to easily navigate the darkness. Searching for a wall to guide him proved fruitless, all he could do is try and keep the atrocious sound of metal gnashing against metal to his left. Soon though, he started worrying that he was walking in circles. The sound never faded away. It was never behind him, always in front of him and to the left. It should be growing more distant, not remaining the same!

He stopped to catch his breath and his haggard lungs wretched out goblets of old blood. When his coughing fit ceased, he realized it. The ground he stood on was slowly turning! He had been walking in circles but his body had been too wrapped up in the sensation of pain to realize that it was not his imagination. He was on some kind of circulating platform.

He quickly aligned himself to find a path towards the outermost edge of this mechanical structure, sliding his feet forward cautiously. He didn't know what would be at the edge, but his damaged body could not sustain another fall like before.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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